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Please read the headline over again. Then its tremendous significance will dawn upon you. An Oliver Typewriter—the standard visible writer—the \$100 machine—the most highly perfected typewriter on the market—yours for 17 cents a day!

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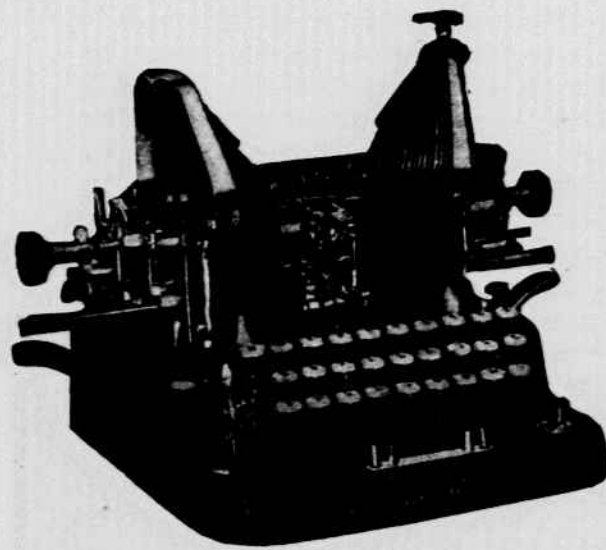
We announced this new sales plan recently, just to feel the pulse of the people. Simply a small cash payment—then 17 cents a day. That is the plan in a nutshell.

The result has been such a deluge of applications for machines that we are simply astounded.

The demand comes from people of all classes, all ages, all occupations.

The majority of inquiries has come from people of known financial standing who were attracted by the novelty of the proposition. An impressive demonstration of the immense popularity of the Oliver Typewriter.

A startling confirmation of our belief that the era of Universal Typewriting is at hand.



A Quarter of a Million People
are Making Money with

The **OLIVER**
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The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter is a money-maker, right from the word "go!" So easy to run that beginners soon get in the "expert" class. Earn as you learn. Let the machine pay the 17 cents a day—and all above that is yours.

Wherever you are, there's work to be done and money to be made by using the Oliver. The business world is calling for Oliver operators. There are not enough to supply the demand. Their salaries are considerably above those of many classes of workers. Hundreds are in business for themselves as public stenographers in hotels and exclusive clubs. They receive as much as 25 cents for a dictated letter and 5 cents for a carbon copy.

Pretty good pay for fifteen minutes' work!

The average price for copying form letters is 10 cents each—and 5 cents for each carbon copy.

This serves to show the money-making possibilities as an Oliver operator.

"An Oliver Typewriter in Every Home!"

That is our battle cry today. We have made the Oliver supreme in usefulness and absolutely indispensable in business. Now comes the conquest of the home.

The simplicity and strength of the Oliver fit it for family use. It is becoming an important factor in the home training of young people. An educator as well as a money maker.

Our new selling plan puts the Oliver on the threshold of every home in America. Will you close the door of your home or office on this remarkable Oliver opportunity?

Write for further details of our easy offer and a free Copy of the new Oliver catalog. Address

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,

Oliver Typewriter Building,

94 Dearborn Street, - - - Chicago

EL FARSI THE BARBER

MOHAMMED the Syrian had been talking fully an hour, and had related a number of stories to his attentive hearers. It was at the entrance of a *gourbi*, before a pile of ashes which hid dying embers left from the recent fire of brush. The night was damp, and from the ground arose heavenward a mingled odor of earth, musk, and Alpine plants.

Stretched on the ground, rolled up in a burnoose of goat hair which protects from cold at night and heat in the day, my eyes followed in the horizon the moving flames of a fire. For sometime I ceased to hear the storyteller; then he began to sing. It was a slow and languishing melody, constantly repeated, accompanied by the confused cadence of an invisible tomtom, in which a fifteen-year-old girl, Maileh, wept over her absent lover, who had gone toward the desert and failed to return.

But the singer stopped; he drew from his neighbor's narghile a smelling puff, and as I rose asked me to listen to him a moment more. "Thou art sad, sahib," said he. "Is it that Maileh's misfortune has moved thy heart and thoughts? I am going to tell thee a story well known in Syria, my country, which will chase the clouds that have darkened thy eyes. Listen!"

I settled myself in an easy position, hearing again in the silence that preceded the first words of my storyteller the far away barking of a dog and the murmur of whispering among the group of listeners. Then all was still, and Mohammed began thus.

FORMERLY, in the reign of a master just but severe, whose reputation stood like a halo above the immense Mussulman Empire, lived a well known barber, noted for his obstinate temper and his vanity. He lived in a small town, near the capital of the Empire. His name was El Farsi. Son of a camel driver whose life had been spent in driving his beast from one town to another without accumulating a fortune, he had at last settled down in a well patronized shop, where he sold leeches and at the same time shaved the skulls and cheeks of the most respectable citizens. He had even acquired in his delicate profession a renown that had spread over the white walls of the small city.

"One day, as he was standing before the door of his shop, a donkey driver passed him, with his beast heavily loaded with two bundles of firewood.

"The man was known to him; so he called, 'Hey, old sage Ahmed! Good luck to thee!'

"Good-morning, barber," answered the man. "Is it thee who will take my wood to-day?"

"I am willing to," said the barber, and he examined the merchandise, reflected a moment, and asked, with a malicious smile, 'How much dost thou want for all the wood I see on thy animal?'

"Well," said the donkey driver, 'I shall be satisfied to have ten copper pieces; for I long to go back to my village.'

"All right," loudly said El Farsi, 'ten copper pieces for all the wood I see on thy ass! I agree; unload!'

Ahmed untied the old ropes that bound the firewood and threw it down. But immediately the barber, seizing the pack saddle that had fallen at the same time, carried it into his shop, and ordered his servant to bring the wood.

"The donkey driver, not understanding this action on the part of the barber, looked perplexed from the bald back of his animal to the mocking face of the man as he received the ten copper pieces.

"But thou hast taken my pack saddle!" exclaimed he.

"Well, is it not made of wood, and hast thou not sold all the wood that was on thy donkey?"

"By the holy name of Allah, barber, thou art a rascal! The pack saddle alone is worth three times more."

"I believe it," retorted El Farsi; 'but it was a bargain. I gave you the price agreed upon.' And all that the poor donkey driver could say would not persuade the other to give back the saddle.

"However, it was getting late and the poor fellow had to decide. The barber, a little feared for his bad tongue, had gathered all the jokers on his side, who laughed at Ahmed's misfortune and his woebegone face.

AT last he left the place, leading his animal behind him. Arriving at the shop of a public writer, he told the man of his adventure and asked what he should do.

"Go and ask audience of the kadi," answered the public counsellor at law.

"He went there, and the judge propounded only one question.

"Thou hadst sold all the wood that was on thy beast?"

"Yes, master," answered Ahmed.

"Well, then the barber is right and the bargain is regular. Go away."

"He went away, unable to understand that kind of justice, and concluding that the kadi was as much of a rascal as the barber. He went back to the public writer, who said:

"The Sultan, the Master's master on our earth, is a good man. Go and see him; I will write thee a petition. He alone can have thy goods restored to thee."

"He took the petition, went to the palace, and was ushered before the Prince of Believers. He knelt before the great man, and exclaimed:

"O Prince just and good, thy name has spread all over thy Empire like a veil that lights us! I beseech thee—and he related his story, his foreboding ground, while a chamberlain handed the petition to the Prince.

"So, then, ass driver, thou hadst sold all

the wood that was on the back of thy donkey?" asked the illustrious monarch, yawning.

"Yes, Prince," said Ahmed.

"Well, thou canst go away; the barber was right."

"The ass driver was beginning to doubt himself now. The veil of justice and light of the Empire had condemned him also. Could it be that he was really wrong? Had he been cheated by his own simplicity, and had the barber been more clever than dishonest?"

SUCH were the reflections of the unhappy fellow as he withdrew from the presence of the Prince. But what would his wife say, who was waiting for him in the next village? Surely she would beat him. And he lamented, wept, in a corner of the steps leading to the palace.

"Just then a beggar happened to pass that way. On his head he had a green turban as a mark of holiness; his long white beard which fell on his chest from a pale and sweet face indicated his respectability, and his eyes and manners gave one confidence. He drew near the man, leaning on a knotted staff, and, squatting before him, asked gently:

"A misfortune has entered thy house, my brother. Wilt thou trust me? I am Mohammed-el-Haji."

"Then the donkey driver lifted up his head and again repeated his story; he wept, and finally was near doubting divine justice after having been denied the human.

"Oh, my brother, what wert thou going to say?" interrupted the old man, coming nearer. "Go back again and see the barber; for he was right, unhappily; but listen to me."

"And in a whisper he gave him a good piece of advice.

"Suddenly the face of the man brightened. He rose with haste, thanked the beggar warmly, emptied almost his purse in his alms box, embraced him, and returned to the town. Soon he arrived before the public writer, who exclaimed, as soon as he saw him:

"Holloa, old man! Hast thou obtained justice?"

"Alas!" answered the ass driver, "justice is not to be found in this world, and the Prophet's precepts are rarely followed. But keep my ass for a little while. I am going to the marketplace, and will soon come back."

HE soon was again before the barber's house.

The man was leaning against his door, and when he saw his victim he began laughing.

"Well," thought Ahmed, 'those laugh best who laugh last. I wait my turn!'

"Here thou art!" said the barber. 'Thou lookest quite happy.'

"Indeed I am," answered Ahmed cheerfully. 'I have just met a relative of mine who is going to get married this very day, and my friend and I are going to take him to his handsome bride. But tell me—thou hast a just reputation in thy profession, and I would like that thou shouldst shave us, my friend and me. We must be worthy to be present at the festival. How much wilt thou charge to shave us both?'

"You are not among my customers," said the barber, 'neither thou that I know, nor thy friend that I do not know. However, in compensation for the bad bargain I caused thee, I am willing to shave you both for a small silver piece, though you will certainly notch my razors.'

"A small silver piece, it is a great deal for my friend and me," observed Ahmed. 'but so be it, it is settled.' And he paid the price required before numerous witnesses among idle people who had gathered around them. Then he left the place.

A short time afterward he came back, pulling his donkey, which looked as sad as its master was joyful, and, stopping before the barber, he exclaimed:

"Eh, El Farsi, celebrated barber, time passes! Hurry to thy work! We are waiting to be shaved."

"And thy friend?" inquired the barber.

"Forsooth! here he is, my friend, my best friend," and he drew his donkey nearer to him.

"How is that, old ruffian? Thou wouldst like to have thy donkey shaved by me?"

"That is just what I say, good man. Hast thou not promised to shave us both, my friend and me? Well, as thou saidst in another circumstance, it is a settled bargain—a regular bargain, as said the kadi after you."

"They went to see the judge again in great pomp; for all the people of the town followed the two parties; but the judge could not say a word, he laughed so much.

"To say nothing is not a judgment, and the barber refused to comply with the request. So they went before the Chief of the Believers.

"Then, barber, it has been arranged that thou wouldst shave the ass driver and his friend for a small silver piece," said the illustrious monarch. 'Then the ass driver is right, and thou art going to comply with the conditions of the bargain right here before me!'

"He was forced to obey. From the top of the tail to the top of the ears, the hair of Ahmed's best friend fell under the famous razor. Never was such a festival in the small town; for the executions of the Prince's verdicts were rendered in public.

"From that day El Farsi had only fakirs and beggars to shave, and most of the time these did not pay him. So, like his father the camel driver, he never made a fortune. The donkey driver, on the contrary, enjoyed high rank at court for having in one day amused the Prince so much."

Such was Mohammed's Syrian story. After having finished it, he stretched himself on the bare ground, and I departed for my hut amid the furious barking of watchdogs.



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